

# Good Morning 739

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Off duty Snap for Sto. Francis Cobham

WE were fortunate to find your wife Daphne off duty when calling at St. Mary's Convent, Lowestoft, Leading Stoker Francis Cobham. And being off duty she was writing her daily air mail to you. This had to be interrupted while we took a photograph and gathered a few notes.

Goodness knows she must have already told you everything! But let's see if there is anything you don't know.

You remember the puppy you bought for her before it was born, but did you know she has named the little six weeks' old gentleman Blondie? What will the dog think of that when he grows up?

Anyway being a whippet, Blondie may grow up to be fast, and we hope so if it's racing you are thinking of.

We can assure you your wife is looking very well indeed and has a fine appetite, so she said. We pointed out to her that in the not-so-far-back days ladies were not supposed to have appetites, or not much and certainly never admit it. All Daphne had to say about that was "Well they were not Wrens!"

She still has the "two eggs for breakfast" habit—when she can get them. Of course, this



wallowing in eggs is your fault, Daphne said so.

She and her mother went to see your people at Guildford, and the chickens having come up to scratch, naturally there were two eggs for tea.

So by all this you will understand what a healthy place Lowestoft is, and being a Wren of course means your wife looks the picture of good health. Your brother Leonard expects to be home at Easter, so he said in a recent letter.

Eva and Oliver at Blyth are well and look forward to seeing you again any time you can make the journey to their place.

Had we not known your wife's name anyone at St. Mary's would have known who was wanted if the submarines were mentioned. They are fine little models you made, especially the brooch your wife wears, and the large one used as a bag clasp.

Daphne sends her love and good luck—and after taking that message we left her to finish that letter to you.

## Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

# Civil Service Jobs Mean Going Places

"CIVIL Service—not for me, life open to you. You could be the shorthand typist and clerical assistant unless he had served at least two years in the submarine branch of the Royal Navy."

How could I settle down Jack Tar who knows something, moving around the globe for a somewhere, couple of years?"

Have you said that to yourself? If you haven't you've most probably thought it. But how wrong is that supposition! Don't you realise that we have colonies which have to be administered by Civil Servants? Haven't you ever thought that Government engineering, international shipping, policing and administration requires men and women with knowledge and imagination?

I will grant you that if you go to most Government offices you will find herds of poor, unimaginative stooges who will never get promotion until a senior drops dead off his stool.

But for every one who adds or subtracts figures that don't mean a fig to him there is one who is getting some place.

Suppose you became a Civil Servant—if you liked you could have a job for life simply by doing just what was expected of you. No more, no less than that. You could get your steady promotion and annual increments and you would get your pension. But there would be another classes, and the remainder in any claim to a Civil Service ap-

Briefly, the point I am trying to make is this—in the Civil Service you travel at your own speed and you will get a good minimum salary even if you can't make the grade for promotion.

It's like the Navy really, just a different uniform, and no tot. Civil Service boss Sir Percy Waterfield recently announced that nearly fifty thousand permanent and pensionable jobs will be open to ex-Servicemen. The vacancies are in the British Home Civil Service and the senior branch of the Foreign Service.

Sir Percy told me that the outline of the recruiting scheme had already been circulated to the east. No candidate, even in submarines, need have any anxiety about his application. The breaks will be even.

The jobs are varied and can be roughly classified as: Five hundred for the administrative class, two hundred in the Foreign Service, three thousand in the executive and corresponding classes, fifteen thousand in the clerical class, and the remainder in any claim to a Civil Service ap-

If you fill the bill any one of those jobs can be yours. Competition will be modified because of the war.

Exams will be held over the next three years according to release rate from Services. You don't have to take the exam until after you get your ticket, but it would be advisable if only to satisfy your own mind as to whether or not you have a job to go back to.

The written tests will be held in Asia, Europe and Africa. You are entitled to leave to participate at the nearest venue. If you get by test Number One you will be flown to Blighty for an oral examination. (Might be worth while dedicating your life to a black jacket for a pint of beer where it was plentiful when you last were there!)

A footnote that might be added to chapter one of this article could quote an imaginary memo from the service boss to all heads of departments. "Following an almost hourly series of interviews with a member of the staff of 'Good Morning' I am convinced that no one could possibly have any claim to a Civil Service ap-

Chapter two is a postscript to my article last month on Vocational Training. It has now been decided that after a course at a training centre the fully trained man will be accepted by the respective unions as being a senior craftsman.

This is a marked advancement in the attitude taken by employers and union chiefs to men coming out of the Services.

Debates which have been going on since unfit men started to come out should now be settled. And it means of course, that the unions are prepared to carry into peace a form of dilution.

Obviously, when a man has received skilled training at a Government centre he will not be as good value to an employer as would an ex-apprentice who had served up to seven years at

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Pooh! This is child's play to the questions my nipper asks me!"

the craft. To cope with this the Government will subsidise the employer with decreasing allowances so that the ex-Serviceman can expect full pay for his labour.

Tip for to-day. Before you invest your savings or gratuity in "a genuine bargain (house or business, etc.)" consult an established agent. His fee, if any, will be moderate for advice and you will save yourself a lot of trouble.

Remember this, there just aren't any bargains to be had in that line in a country that has a great percentage of its building bruised and damaged. You must expect to pay the current market price for everything.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is :  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London,  
S.W.1.

## Home Town News

A GOLDEN-HAIRED Dundee girl, Pte. Sheena Shelvey, of Hill Street, had the distinction of sending by teleprinter the two most important messages of the war.

On D-Day she was one of a small group at H.Q. Signal Centre, near London, who sent the message telling of the original landings on the Normandy beaches.

She was halfway through the message before realising what it was all about, and got so excited that she was guilty of a slight typing error!

But the greatest moment of her life was when she transmitted the message telling that the war was over.

This was sent from the Allied Supreme H.Q. Signal Centre two hours after Germany's surrender was signed at Rheims.

She is only 22 years of age, though she joined up at the age of sixteen. She looked 18, so she followed notable examples and added a couple of years on.

### HENRY III.

THE last of the Henry Wrights, town criers in Callington, Cornwall, for nearly a century, died recently at the age of 83.

For 50 years his voice, which carried a mile on an ordinary day, had proclaimed the news of the town.

His father, and grandfather—both Henrys—had been town criers before him.

Once when a travelling circus came to Callington, Henry entered a lion's cage and stroked the beasts for a challenge of £50.

Actually, he had rehearsed the act the day before, and all he received was 19s., plus 1s. for "crying" the challenge!

### RETURNED.

ON June 5, 1940, Mr. Jack Commins, of 4, Sussex Place, Plymouth, posted a registered letter containing ten £1 notes to his son, a Royal Marine bandsman, serving in H.M.S. "Arethusa," then in the Mediterranean.

His son never got the money, which was reported "lost through enemy action."

Recently, however, the Post Office returned the letter, with money intact, to Mr. Commins. The envelope was rubber-stamped "Detained in France during German occupation."

## A Family Cheer for L/Cook Ivor Gibbons

IT was at the end of a long day that we called at 57 Sandown Road, Ore, Hastings, and the cup of tea we received from Mrs. Gibbons put new life into us. From the plentiful victuals on the table we shouldn't wonder if your wife could teach you something, L/Cook Ivor Gibbons.

First and foremost there's fourteen-months' old Terry, whom you don't know much about yet. Still, you will, sailor you will!

Young Terry isn't the type to remain in the background, and indeed, he has a right to show off, because he is as fine a baby

as anyone could wish for. He is just approaching the mischievous age now, and one of his favourite pastimes is cleaning your wife's tablecloths, not with soap and water, but with grate polish.

It is fortunate that your wife has so many willing helpers or she might find your young son rather a big handful. As it is they are very proud of their brother, especially now that he is starting to walk and can exhibit eight pearly teeth!

Pat, Rosemary, Jeanette and Tony were all looking extremely well and sat on the settee under

the window trying to think up some news for you.

Pat is liking her work at Cave's Cafe, on the front, and hopes you will come to see her on the job when you get home. Both she and Rosemary—who, incidentally, directed our straying footsteps to number 57—are hoping you will do something about the wrist-watches when you return.

They probably want to be sure that your walks to the "King's Head" will keep well within the time limits! You wouldn't want any mistakes there would you?

About Jean, your wife says she is still a very good girl, but she continues to hold the title of the Cinderella of the family. She, too, is looking forward to your homecoming and to those rewards she used to get from you for tidiness.

Arthur was at work when we called, but he, too, sends best wishes and hopes you will be home soon, in which wish your wife's mother also joins. She mentioned that her sons, Bill and Sid, are both well, and she looks forward to the time when you and they will be back once more.





# JAMAICA JOE—GALOOT

ALL that island talk about rather than be treated as he was Stinnes as he and his mate drew hev a sugar cane junk and settle put one over on a conche is just bunk," said Fatty Stinnes to his friend and fellow adventurer as they stood on the poop of the hired schooner. "Psalm singing takes away their brains. Look at Jamaica Joe there. We'll get him to do the job and he won't know he's doin' it. The galoot!"

"Yep, look at him," sniggered Bud Evans, giving the wheel a turn and squirting a stream of tobacco juice across the deck. "It's a good thing we grabbed him when he was on the beach, for he's the best skin diver 'em all. Well, we'd better break the news to him right now, and I'll try not to use bad language."

He signalled to one of the Carib crew to take the wheel and gazed across the shimmering sea towards the yellow gleam of the Bahama Bank.

They were a desperate pair; whisky pirates who haunted the islands and seemed always to be on the point of touching a fortune but always missing it.

On this occasion, however, they were nearer one than they had ever been, for they had taken a ship laden with liquor among the islands, had laid her up among the coral beds, and had returned to declare to her owners that she had gone down in a squall.

They were coming back to pick her bones in the method approved by the sea scavengers who used to haunt the Florida Strait.

Jamaica Joe was certainly a conche. He was tall, thin, muscular, black as coal. His wool was white—snow white—for he had decked it with liane juice, indigo, cochineal and assacu acid, and on the pan he was burnishing; the wool had rebelled and gone and the crew on the forecastle were silenced by a roar from Fatty negro reflectively, "I'd like to coral hides her, but all you've

got to do is to break it down in all my life. I'm glad it's beans. and you're at the cargo—" Rum is de foe ob man."

"What is de cargo, boss?" "We wouldn't ask you to touch it, Joe," protested the skipper. "We're both sailormen, Mr. Evans and me, but we respect a man's beliefs. We knew this barque had back once more and put his hand over his face: hut Jamaica Joe was chewing steadily at his cane, his eyes fixed on the heavy sea."

"We'll give you a good price, Joe," said Evans. "All you gotta do is sling a rope round the boxes and send 'em up one at a time. You ain't skeered of working among coral? We'll give you a dollar for every box we hoist. There'll be over a hundred cases."

Not a movement from the skin diver. He might have been a carved ebony image, so steadily did he gaze at the green billows sweeping past the schooner.

"There's nothing to it," said Stinnes encouragingly. "I'm glad it's beans, suh," said Joe at last, looking up into the two eager faces. "Y'see I tho't at fust it might a-bin rum, an' I promised de man who showed me de error ob my ways neber to handle, touch, or taste rum again

"We hired this schooner and asked you to come—and—and you'd be a skin diver—" "Why not git regular rubber divers, suh?" "Oh, that would cost money. We'd have to run over to Port au Prince or Santiago for them, and she ain't worth it. It was the text above the cuddy door that put you into our heads. A nice text that, Joe."

"A hundred cases," murmured Joe, chewing at his cane dilligently. "Dat means a hundred dollars—an' it takes one thousand to buy a cane junk and quit de divin'—"

"It's about a hundred," put in Evans. "Maybe more. Anyway a hundred dollars is a hundred dollars when you ain't flush."

(Continued on Page 3)

Above his head, on the side of the cuddy, he had nailed several texts for the benefit of the crew and his soft voice rose above the slatting of the sails as he sang his favourite hymn.

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In the forecastle some of the coloured crew, with a wholesome contempt for Joe's convictions, were trying to raise the chorus of "Pay-day in Hell."

Footsteps coming along the deck from the poop caused Joe to look up as he blew his breath cane.

"Guess, if it comes to worldly after. She's the Skylark, lying in less than ten fathoms. The reflectively, "I'd like to coral hides her, but all you've

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## A 3-day yarn of the sea and things that happen at sea

Jamaica Joe raised his black face and gazed at his skipper slowly and with awakening interest.

"Yo' mean a thousand dollars, suh?"

"Well, maybe not as much as that, but gettin' on that way. Now, look here, Joe. We found you on the beach down in Trinidad. You were broke, sure. You hadn't a job and we offered to take you up the islands as cook, so's you could get some ways near your home. Ain't that right?"

"That's right, suh. Yo' gave me de job ob cook."

"That's so. But Mr. Evans glance at his mate. "He means and me, we have another little what's your ambition—what'd you job on hand. You were the most like to be able to do—plenty man we wanted to help us out. That's why we came to you. There ain't another man except yourself who can go down fifteen fathoms in his skin. Now, there's a barque lying over there among the coral beds. That's what we're after. She's the Skylark, lying in less than ten fathoms. The reflectively, "I'd like to coral hides her, but all you've

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## BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

FOREMOST and most extravagant users of the poster display system of advertising is the entertainment world.

Latest drive in this direction is made by Warner Bros., who have launched a poster campaign which will extend over the whole of the British Isles.

It is estimated that the cost of the first year's outlay will be some £30,000.

NEW saga of the sea is starring Charles Laughton in what is considered his best part since his magnificent performance as Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

His new role is that of Captain Kidd in the film of that name.

Landmarks of the London of 1789 have been faithfully reproduced in Hollywood. There are views of the Port of London with the merchant fleet at anchor, and so great is the accuracy that the wharfside streets and buildings of old London are shown coated with ice as they were during the freeze-up of that year.

From all accounts, this film about the high-waymen of the Seven Seas promises to be real entertainment even if you've just come off the sea. Might be as well to make a date with Captain Kidd!

GAINSBOROUGH producer Maurice Ostrer has brought off a grand coup by getting Yehudi Menuhin to make recordings for the new British film, "The Magic Bow," an adaptation of a novel by Manuel Komroff.

These recordings are the first Menuhin has made for a film, and H.M.V. Studios have guaranteed a superfine music-track for the purpose.

The story of the film is based on a love story in the early life of Paganini, and for this reason Menuhin is very enthusiastic about it.

He cables regularly from America with suggestions on the selections that should be made from the great composer's works, and flew to London to make the recordings.

WISE remark by Dame May Whitty: "I've got everything Betty Grable has—only I've had it longer."

Dame May was born in June, 1865.

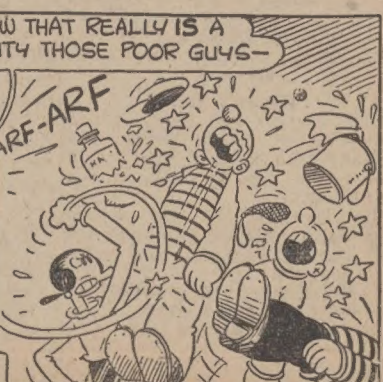
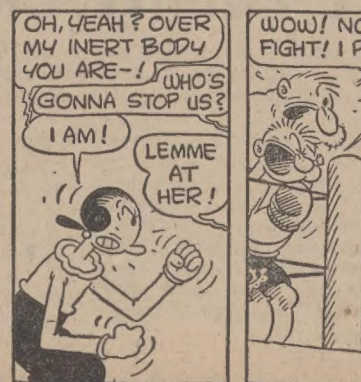
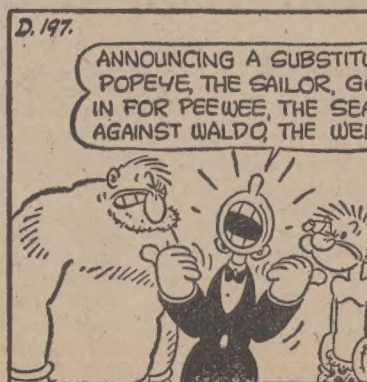
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 677

- 1. Behead a shell-fish and get it again.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: ielyan'tountaurately.
- 3. Name a Scottish county which can be written in capital letters, consisting entirely of straight lines.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The little girl made a beautiful — before her — old grandfather, who bowed in acknowledgment.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 676

- 1. F-lies.
- 2. I suppose some sons sponge on their parents.
- 3. NEW ZEALAND.
- 4. Cutlets, scuttle.

JANE

Jamaica Joe—Galoot

(Continued from Page 2)

You can chew a hundred dollars' worth of cane—"

"It was that text I was thinkin' of," murmured Stinnes, with an upward glance at the floral decoration.

"One good turn deserves another," quoted Jamaica Joe thoughtfully. "Yaas, dat is a dam good text, suh. I got dat text from de passon who plucked me from de fiery pit an' set me straight. Dere's anoder ober by de stove which I like too."

He pointed with a black finger towards another strip of paper on which was printed: "Despoil the enemy and set the scorner and the liar at naught."

"Aw, cut out the parson stuff and git to business," growled the mate as he rose and walked aft in sullen wrath. He did not have the finesse of his skipper in dealing

his cards, and the religious convictions of Jamaica Joe set him on edge.

He walked to the poop and gazed over the bulwarks towards the long bank fringed with palms and mangroves. The sun was high in the heavens but the ground swell was throwing columns of spray into the air along the beach where the surf thundered. For nearly half-an-hour he watched the distant shore clearing from the thin heat mist which hung over it. The schooner was entering a narrow channel between two long tongues of bank when he took over the wheel.

As he rapped out an order for the mainsail to be handled and the jib brought down he saw Stinnes leave Joe and go down into the cabin.

Evans stepped to the bulwarks and looked over the side, having

delivered the wheel back into the hands of the steersman. The cabin he saw Stinnes hauling water was clear and brilliant several coils of rope from under-sapphire. There was little way neath a locker. On the table was a half-emptied bottle of rum.

Under her bows strange coloured fish flashed outward. Below the fish the coral could be seen plainly—purple, white, red, in clumps like huge sponges and in wonderful spearheads thrust upward.

Presently the mate's hand went up. The steersman whirled the wheel round, the sheet came down with a run.

"Drop the pick, you there! Pay out on that rope quick! Look alive!"

Plonk! went the anchor over the cathead and the crew on the forecastle stood ready to brace themselves against the swing of the schooner.

It came slowly but with weight, for the tide of the Bahama Bank is strong and sullen. The schooner swung easily, held to the coral by her grapnel.

The mate went below. In the cabin he saw Stinnes hauling several coils of rope from under-sapphire. On the table was a half-emptied bottle of rum.

"I managed it," whispered the skipper triumphantly. "He's going down as soon as we're ready. But he came high on the price. I had to agree to two dollars a trip and pay his passage on the mail boat from Tortuga to Jamaica, but we can afford it, Bud, for there's six thousand dollars worth of stuff under our feet. Here, help me get the ropes out. We're there, aren't we?"

"Yep, we're there all right," said Evans, reaching for the rum bottle and emptying it in a long gurgle. "The wreck is within ten feet of our bows. I caught a glimpse of her stumped foremast among the coral. I'll attend to the stowing of the loot if you see to that palmitist. The galoot is cheap at the money."

(To be continued).

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you something which everyone makes, usually more than once in a lifetime.

1. Smokes.
2. Ride a vehicle.
3. June flowers.
4. Internal combustion engine.
5. Surround for picture.
6. Dries in heat.
7. To think idly.

(Solution to-morrow)

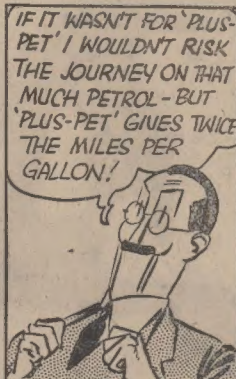
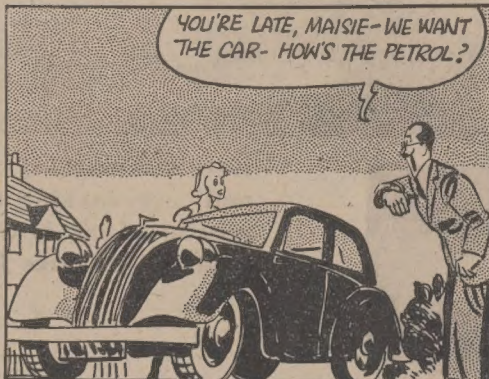
ALEX CRACKS

From the three infallibles, the Roman Pope, the editor of a party newspaper, and a woman when she is in the wrong, Good Lord, deliver me!

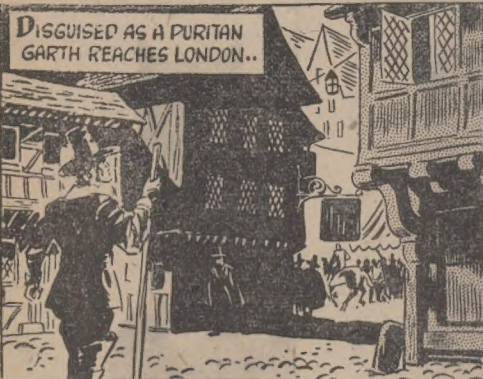
I wish now that before dashing to the altar in a taxi, I had asked myself: "Is your journey really necessary?"



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

GEORGES HACKENSCHMIDT, once world champion wrestler, and renowned as the strongest man on earth, gave up muscle for brain-work.

To-day, after about a quarter of a century studying and research work, he is a recognised philosopher, and has written several books on knotty points of philosophy and psychology.

At the height of his fame he made round about £9,000 a year; to-day he is a comparatively poor man, following the occupation of Italy by the Germans—for he had an olive farm there. But he's happier than ever he was.

A prisoner of war in the last war, and caught in France by the German invasion in this, he's had plenty of chance to philosophise. His first batch of washing came back from the local laundry the other day. And on each piece of washing was the number 656—the number they gave him on their register. He's had it changed.

WHEN a Willesden man was rescued from the German prison camp where he had been in captivity for five years, and returned home, he thought he never wanted again to hear the number 656.

It was his number as a prisoner of war, and he was a bit tired of it.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BACK ADVICE  
ARREARS BOW  
STOP MOTIVE  
K MICE USER  
ERE ADUR T  
TARES INSET  
D LETS ADO  
WINK UTAH I  
RAISIN PAWL  
ETC REVERIE  
NEEDED SAND

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12					13	14		
15				16			17	
		18	19			20		
21	22				23	24		25
			26	27				
28	29		30			31	32	
33			34			35		
36					37			
38							39	

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Route. 5 Puffs up. 10 Machine. 11 Rug. 12 Stringed instrument. 13 Salty. 15 Chopper. 16 Morass. 17 Plus. 18 Hard coating. 21 Bequeath. 23 Relative. 26 Flat leaves. 28 Limb. 30 Girl's name. 31 Fine end. 33 refer. 35 Package. 36 In addition to. 37 Disorderly one. 38 Powerful. 39 Nearest.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Recount. 2 Precious stone. 3 Concurred. 4 Embossing stamp. 5 Broom. 6 Bird. 7 Tune. 8 Sort of acid. 9 Went fast. 14 Meeting items. 16 Spoke noisily. 19 Cribbage knave. 20 Recline. 22 Black alloy. 24 Landed property. 25 Skilful. 27 Turn away. 28 Scandinavian. 29 Surfeit. 32 Holly. 34 Exercise. 35 Good French.



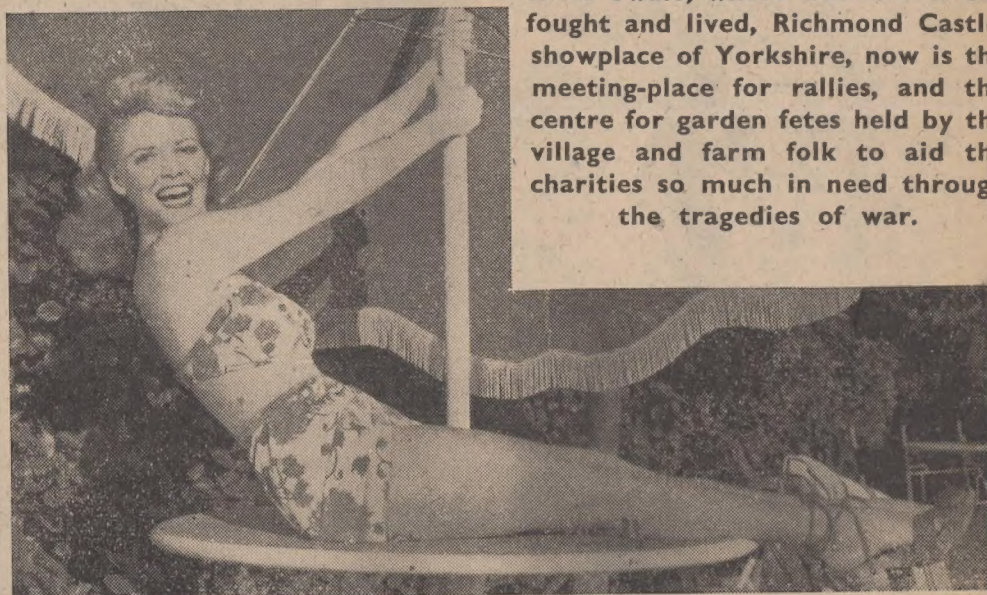
# Good Morning



We'll climb the highest mountain,  
And search the deep blue sea,  
To find a snappy pin-up  
For all you boys to see.  
This one was quite an easy task:  
We're told that this is not the last.  
Any mountain climbers want to  
meet Ann Miller?



Perched high on the banks of the River Swale, where warriors of old fought and lived, Richmond Castle, showplace of Yorkshire, now is the meeting-place for rallies, and the centre for garden fetes held by the village and farm folk to aid the charities so much in need through the tragedies of war.



Here's something on a plate, or certainly served up nice and tasty-looking on a tea-for-two table. Tasty-looking morsel is one of those starlets you hear so much about. Waiter! Service for Janis Carter. Looks nice enough to eat, too!



Well, well, well. Who said that Blackpool beach was the very last word — in the lights of the roving searchlight. The folk in the 'Nineties getting together on the beach at Yarmouth didn't want any lessons. Bloke hiding from camera probably has a secretary as well as a missus!



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Give me the leavings, boys!"



\* "Well, I'll go to the waterworks. Just when the bag of nuts was in my grasp — or nearly. The penny was a special gift from one of those funny blokes with the vacant expression outside my cage, and now just look what's happened."